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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1586.

Original Poetry.

JEANNETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLINTON REED.

They bathe and their beauties let bachelors boast of,
And tell of young maidens unsurpassingly fair;
Jeannette, I am sure whom they all are disposed of,
For one we'll be found that with them will compare;
I cannot tell why, but there's something about them
That anyone this fancy to enter my head.
That Little would indeed be a burden without them,
And death but a wickedness lonely and dead.

Tho' bright as a sunbeam, and pure as a lily,
With noble endowments of head and of heart,
Then act not pretention—that cloudeth fully,
I will not claim for their angel—this we set.
Nor set them an angel, as some in their blindness,
Will rail and pretend to consider them mine,
For which little morsel of clearing room kindness,
They sadly repent all the rest of their lives.

For as a true helpmate, a model young mother,
A friend or a neighbor when good may be done,
Jeannette, then art peerless, and any is none other
The coronet yield which thy virtues have won.
Then be the young bachelors bill of their heroines,
And wrote of devotions would rarely fair—
As a faithful, unwavering performer of duties,
Jeannette, there are none that with thee will compare.

Baltimore, Nov., 1851.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "ONA MYNN'S DAUGHTER," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

"THE HEART OVERTASKED."

Oh, break, break, break!
Your kindness, break at once!
To pieces now! Now lose hope for liberty.
Shakspeare.

Oh! for what ever thou wilt! I will be ready.
Joanna Baillie.

There comes a time in the life of *every one*, perhaps, when all that the most timid soberly desired, most eagerly pursued, and most coveted—when not joy, not success, not fame, nor wealth, nor rank, nor power, not even love, friendship, or sympathy is longed for, but only—rest—to get away from the terrible struggle of life, from the glare of the world, to be alone, far off, quiet spot, cool, and calm, and dark, where to lie down and—rest—with the heart and brain, soul and spirit, overtasked and very weary, would willingly lay down their arms, and capitulate to Destiny; giving up the battle, with all its wealth of hopes and possibilities, for rest —only rest—from the rest even of the quiet grave.—So felt Alice, as she turned from the last glimpse of the vanishing carriage, and entered her downfallen dwelling. Very willingly would she have gone to her darkened chamber, and lain down with her sorrow there, but she felt that no such interval of repose, no such luxury of grief was permitted her; feeble and weary as she was, she must turn and meet General Garnet—for his business was with her. She dropped exhausted upon one of the settees in the hall, and waited for him there.

Oh! in such an hour, when Hope and Faith have left us most weak, bruised and fainting, in the battle-field of life, we need indeed an angel to come and strengthen us, and let us again to recommence the struggle that can end victoriously only at the gates of Heaven.

And angels do come and strengthen us, in many a guise, unrecognized perhaps, but they do come.

Was in breathing those loving words of Jesus into her spirit, that the angel visited Alice in her dark hour—Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And the life of love and faith was once more breathed into her soul, and she, who had been down there alone, exhausted, despairing, after a little while lifted up her face, serenely radiant with faith.

She heard an advancing step. She looked around.

Willy stood at her side.

"Where is your master? did he enter by the back gate? is he at the stables?" she inquired.

"Miss Alice, he—he—he, he didn't come home at all. He didn't even meet the carriage. He turned off—how he got to the city I don't know, and rode hard as he could down the path as leads down the Hollow. I 'spects how he had some blind lunsions lonight. Mr. Hard tells."

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She was disturbed by the entrance of a servant bearing a letter.

She turned upon it both It was for General Garnet, and bore the post-mark of Hemlock Hollow. She regarded it attentively for an instant, for it was written in a coarse, school-boy like hand.

Then she placed it on the dressing-table, and dismissing the servant, lay down and closed her eyes again, with an effort to sleep, but could not and do so for a long time. Emotion was busy in her heart, and thought in her brain. One, two, three hours passed, and then she started up, called for the promised—tea, and praying, fell asleep.

She did not know how long she slept, but when waking, she perceived General Garnet in the room.

He was sitting in the large arm-chair, near the bed, and his attention riveted upon a letter that he was reading. Alice glanced at the letter on the table. The letter she had placed there was gone. Yes, it was the letter which he was reading with such fixed interest.

Alice lay quietly, yet anxiously watching him, until he finished reading, folded up the letter, and put it in his pocket. His attitude was one of deep, even intense thought. In the crimson twilight of that closely curtained chamber, she could not see the expression of his face. It was evident, she thought, that he had not seen her in the shadowy recess where her soft shroud.

After then watching a moment, breathing a prayer for mercy, she slowly arose, slowly crossed the room, sank upon the cushion near his feet, took his hand, and looked up pleadingly into his face.

Alice was still a very beautiful woman, as I have told you, and never was a more beautiful picture than that kneeling figure, with the bright flowing hair, flushed cheek, and upturned, pleading gaze with which she sought silently to de-

precate the anger of her husband. She sought to read her fate in his countenance, but that high and haughty face was lifted and averted, and his features were stern and calm and impassible. Then she found words to speak, and inquired, softly—

"You received my letter, General Garnet?"

"Yes, madam, I received your letter," he answered, in a hard, cold tone of voice.

"Then you know what else I should tell you here at your feet.

"I know that my daughter has eloped, and that my wife helped her off?" he replied, in the same dry tone, and with his head still averted.

Alice could not see that his lips were bloodless and compressed, and his eyes burning with a fearful lurid glare. His very quietude, hard and dry, and constrained as it was, shocked her. She took his hand again and pressed it to her lips, and held it to her bosom, murmuring softly.

"Let us forgive each other, Mr. Garnet, husband, let us forgive each other! For many wrongs there is positively no other, remedy in the wide universe but simple forgiveness—simple, magnanimous, sublime forgiveness! It is impossible but that offenses *will* come," said the most Merciful of all beings. It is impossible, says the experience of life—it is impossible, but that offenses *will* come. Sorrow, pains, pardings *will* come! They are the conditions of our existence. We cannot escape them! Let us lessen their bitterness as much as we may! It is impossible but that troubles *will* come, but the vital question is, how we shall turn them to good or evil account! Who, then we shall live to say good and so end. Oh, my husband! make friends with me! We have only each other in the wide world upon whom to depend for our life's comfort and happiness! Make friends with me! Can we hate each other —you and I who have lived so many years together? Can we hate each other—you and I who love our only child, our dear Elsie, so much? Make friends with me! Let us understand each other! Let us be candid with each other! Let us forbear each other! I know that you deeply regret the failure of your favorite plan to make those estates. I know it! I can sorry for it! Sorry that I have been responsible to have a hand in it! But, oh! General Garnet! I, too, you know, was once—long years ago—bitterly disappointed! terribly disappointed! And, oh, I have never quite recovered from the first shock of astonishment and rage, and I have never quite recovered from the last glimpse of the vanishing carriage, and entered her downfallen dwelling. Very willingly would she have gone to her darkened chamber, and lain down with her sorrow there, but she felt that no such interval of repose, no such luxury of grief was permitted her; feeble and weary as she was, she must turn and meet General Garnet—for his business was with her. She dropped exhausted upon one of the settees in the hall, and waited for him there.

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"Would you?" he asked, doubtfully, scornfully.

"Yes, I would?" she said, suddenly rising, leaning her hand upon his arm, and her head upon his shoulder with the confidence of perfect love and faith—Oh, Aaron, you have not been yourself for a few days past! Yet I do not love you the less on that account! Indeed I do not! Oh! Aaron, I can excuse your violence more than you can excuse yourself, I know! for I have been used to it since! My father was violent, sometimes. And I know that anger is a brief intoxication—I a short insanity, which people do and say what they never intended! Come! you are not angry now! You are smiling! And so I—I can only repeat what I said in the beginning—Let us forgive each other! and live better and happier all our future lives! That is right—put your arm around me, dear Aaron, for I am very weak!"

It was unusual in human nature, or in devil nature, to resist the charm of her winning beauty, gentleness and sweetness. General Garnet bent a frowning look upon her lips, and clasped her to his heart. It was the first time that he had ever done so, and Alice was happy, with her blushing face hidden on his bosom, was not the "laughing devil in his ears."

"Oh, Aaron! this is generous!—this is magnanimous! Oh, Aaron! you know how the simple act of forgiveness has power to heal the human heart! I know it by the way it draws me to you!" said Alice, with enthusiasm.

But another and a more passionate kiss sealed her lips for a time.

At last she said.

"My friend, how has it been with you this long, long time? I mean how has it been with your heart and soul, your inner life? Have you been happy? Have you had any peace of life people! Oh, Aaron! often, when I have watched you in your daily life, as you walked, or rode, or drove; as you sat at table, or at your writing-desk, or settled business with your overseer, or with the fallow of your favorite place to invite those estates. I know it! I can sorry for it! Sorry that I have been responsible to have a hand in it! But, oh! General Garnet! I, too, you know, was once—long years ago—bitterly disappointed! terribly disappointed! And, oh, I have never quite recovered from the first shock of astonishment and rage, and I have never quite recovered from the last glimpse of the vanishing carriage, and entered her downfallen dwelling. Very willingly would she have gone to her darkened chamber, and lain down with her sorrow there, but she felt that no such interval of repose, no such luxury of grief was permitted her; feeble and weary as she was, she must turn and meet General Garnet—for his business was with her. She dropped exhausted upon one of the settees in the hall, and waited for him there.

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Our Picture Gallery.

INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN HUT.

On lifting the blanket that guards the entrance to an Ojibwa dwelling, you see first of all the dogs lying about here and there. Then you descry the father of the family, and near him the grandfather, engaged in smoking. Their whole appearance is that of the most perfect quiet and quiescence. Behind the dogs, on the right, sits the mother holding in her arms an Indian

all be!—oh,—how happy we should all be the long future years! No more partings—no more tears! Our children and grand-children could be with us all through life! Magnus could practice his profession, and be of such incredible value besides, in your political plans! and such company for you at home! And Elsie would be such a comfort to me! We should all be so happy! Come, bring them back with you! Ah, do! Let us have them with us, all reconciled, around the table to-night!—and it will be the happiest family gathering that ever was held! Oh! I see you will! You will bring them back! Magnus will—will you not?" said Alice, suddenly seizing her hand, and gazing eloquently, beseechingly into his face.

"We shall see, Alice!—I will tell you more of that when I return!" he said, with an air of his charming smile, and shaking her hand cheerfully, opened the door and went out.

"Oh! I do believe he will bring them back with him! Ah, no fair—I see beaten his heart against his child! You, yes, I am sure he will bring them back!" she repeated, seeking to still the anxiety that was torturing her breast.

The sun was going down when a servant entered the chamber, and announced that Judge Wylie was below stairs, and begged to see Mrs. Garnet alone upon important business.

Telling the lady Judge Wylie into the library. Alice threw a shawl around her, and, full of vague and painful misgivings, descended the stairs.

What could be the important business upon which Judge Wylie came? What business, telling or important, could he have with us? Had my accident happened to Elsie? The thought gripped her heart like a vice! Had anything happened to Magnus or General Garnet?

Trembling and pale, and almost overwhelmed by the trials of the day, she opened the library door, and stood upon the sill.

Judge Wylie was standing there awaiting her. Judge Jacky's usually jubilant face was now earnest and troubled as he advanced to meet Alice, took her hand, led her to a settee, and seated himself beside her. He pressed her hand with paternal kindness, and said, gravely and gently—

"My dear Mrs. Garnet, you will pardon the liberty I have taken in coming to you at this late hour. Alice is absent, and I—I—"

"Is not Alice!" he repeated, seeking to still the anxiety that was torturing her breast.

"Alice!" he said, drawing her again to his bosom and kissing her, "this seals your full pardon! You should not have left father's pardon and blessing to be perfectly happy in her husband's arms!"

"Alice! if Elsie were before me, as you are, in all your beauty, perhaps I could not choose but act as you have done! As with you, my lovely Alice!"

Alice was so moused to praise from him, that these words and caresses were beginning to embarrass her. Blushing like a very girl, she withdrew herself. Shaking his closely shorn head, as if he could not believe his own ears, he exclaimed—

"How dared you talk to me of confidence, tenderness that you have? How durst you even approach me? serpent! viper! after your black behavior! What do you mean by it, I say? Are you ensnare of a broken head? Or do you think your own too hard to be broken? At this talking and inserting will I obey you, that does not transgress the laws of God, I sustain, and profit!"

"Ah, that to begin with, is one very broad and comprehensive exception!—especially if you should not be of the number of those who transgress the laws of God! Do you really suppose that I am capable of doing such a thing, Alice?"

"No—oh, not Only you pressed me for an answer, and I gave you the only one I thought of doing either!"

"Sorry, veramus!" he thundered, shaking her fiercely—only I do not ask you for any impudent falsehood! I will not, by Heaven, submit to tell me one! I ask you how you dared to meet me here?"

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Alice, suddenly sinking at his feet. It was in return to his slighting of all whatever personal risk, to yield myself to you! To abide henceforth by your decision in all things! Oh, General Garnet, do not misunderstand me! If I have humbled myself before you—naively, confidingly—I do not ask you for any love! Oh! I have outlived and out-suffered the fear of pain—the fear of death—the fear of anything that you could have remedied. She thought to be by a servant to General Garnet, at Hemlock Hollow. Then she lay down and tried to sleep.

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Choice Poetry.

THAT LITTLE STRAW HAT.

"I'm a dear little lad, and I hangs there still—
And in vain of the past hide our heart-tingling thrill,
For it seems like a shadow of days past o'er,
Of the bright one gone with the last one more.

"I'm a dear little lad, for such simple braid
Tells that oft o'er its planting those fingers have played—
And many a wreath for its crown has been twined,
To the greatest taste of his youthful mind.

"I'm a dear, silent image, with its curling frame,
Not so playfully raised as has been its wear;
But the golden ringlets which waved below,
Have curled their last claster in death.

"Are the last o the same, but it shakes no more
Those bright blue eyes as in days o' yore;
Nor the cheek of the lip-rose is crowned with the—
—as but light up our hearts and memories now.

"And memories are they are, o'er their quivering strings
Each breath of the lip-gone is crowned with—
And joys that we fain would—pass again,
In memory are touched with a thrill of pain

Then would not the past—though the dimpled hand
May never again clasp the braided strand,
Though the breeze no longer may bear the tone
Of the ringing laughter of childhood's zone.

Ah! then of him now with a glittering crown
For his heavenly home, and crying down,
While he fingers stray over the golden wire,
That blends with his voice and the chords clear.

Aye. I see him with his harp in his hand,
Pouring loud on his brow with radiance bright,
And I hear the tones—the sweet tones of both—
Oh! call him not back to this saddened earth.

Selected Articles.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

The following singular account of a case of benevolence, wherein one man chose to die instead of another, is from Carlyle's "Life of Sterling":

One other little event dwells with me, out of Falmouth times, rather sad, but of a beautiful tenderness; a pleasant little matter, in which Sterling and principally the Misses Fox, bright, cheery and affectionate creatures, were concerned. For the sake of its human interest, it is worth mention.

In a certain Cornish mine, said the newspaper-account which I shall be to Heaven?" Jack beneath shaft, the explosion instantly follows, broken his face as he looked over; he is safe above ground, and your Will? Descending swiftly, they find Will, too, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had not touched either him, and little injured. He, too, is brought up safely, and all ends joyfully, say the newspapers.

Such a piece of manful promptitude and salutary human heroism became known to Sterling, as was investigated, found to be accurate to the letter—with this addition and explanation, that Will, as, ignorant of the danger, was tenderly given up to Meikledrum, had been perfect in the "faith of democracy," certain that it should not be Heaven if he died, certain that Jack would not, which had been the ground of his decision in this matter, and never could be sure, even if wished to leave reading and writing, and find some way of life shop-bound, instead of below. By the aid of Misses Fox, and of Sterling and family, a subscription (modest, Anti-Hudson enthusiasm), was raised for the disabled hero. He emerged into daylight with fifty pounds in his pocket; did unanswerably try, for certain months, with a darkened and bloodless cheek could not learn these arts, or slither of them; took his money and bought cows with it, was over-right, and safety from the wrath to come. Sterling had some hand in this affair, but, as I said more of the world than this. It is not all gold, dear son, that glitters. I have seen many a heroism of the noblest sort, many a soul on which men have heaped brass, that were of gold; this advice, the result of my experience — Attach your love and admiration to Heroic Worth. The truth comes not to us, dear son; we must seek for it. That which you see, scrutinize carefully; and what you find to be genuine, that cherish eternal, rely on the word of God. Search no more of the world than this. Within no dwelling Judge who never deceives, and whose voice is sure to us than the applause of the world, and more than all the wisdom it has to bestow. Cherish Resolve, my son, to do nothing to which your conscience says No! Honest Work and prayer, strike on your forehead and ask for His counsel. He speaks at first low, and lingo at first inaudible; but waits for you to hear sence. He gradually loosens His tongues and speaks more distinctly.

Despise not any religion; it is easy to despise, but it is much better to understand. Understand what there is around you, and within you, her sake to be hated; but know that thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded. Love, live for the sake of the right, and cease not what follows, though the reverse no longer bear the tone

Original Lectures.

MR. LORD'S LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

LECTURE III.

HENRY II. OF FRANCE, AND THE HUGUENOTS.

DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a man of speculative and sanguine temper could have visited France and Europe at the commencement of the sixteenth century, and observed the various signs of progress then developing, and had then been asked which of all its countries, in his opinion, would first embrace the new opinions, and which would be the last from which they would have absolutely disunited them, I am not sure that he would not have pronounced with confidence that France would have been the first, and England the last to have received them. France was ruled by a liberal-minded Prince, fond of new things, an admirer of art and learning; liberal in his patronage of genius, and the friend of men of mind: each quarter of the light and great powers in the subjection of the other seemed to be favorable to the change. His sister was a professed Protestant, and she was Queen of Navarre. His subjects were more remarkable for quickness than any people in Europe, eager for knowledge and change, brave, enthusiastic, and zealous. The clergy were bold and independent, and the Pope's authority had been repeatedly assailed with success. The Gallican Church, in short, was in a position straighter for an opportunity to throw off that universal despotism which Rome was attempting to establish. The city of Paris was at that time the moral and social capital of Europe—Babylon the Second from every part of Europe in its famous University, which had ever freely and fearlessly discussed all the great questions of human enlightenment. A spirit of independence pervaded the whole country. The Courts of Law, even in defiance of the King, had given various favorable rulings in liberty. Art, science, and literature all found patronage in that gay capital. In short, everything at work, in full vigor, all those great influences which are supposed to have led to that general insurrection against tyranny which followed Europe for a century. Would not the traveller have unhesitatingly pronounced in favor of such a empire as the brilliant place of a new liberty, and the future nursery of the Reformers' doctrines. The result, however, shows the reverse of France. Instead of it, the country were the principles of Protestantism more violently or perseveringly resisted; and after unsuccessful struggles, overcome and overseen, they were finally suppressed by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. And the country relapsed into an intolerant Jesuitism or a mocking infidelity.

On the other hand, England, which was the home and stronghold of vagabond monks and friars, which was a nest of monastic corruption, which was immersed in the rudeness and barbarism of the middle ages, which was almost entirely dependent upon the Pope, was the most intolerant and hateful tyranny, attached to Papacy not only by interest, but by inclination, and having a sympathetic and sovereign power over the lives and fortunes of his subjects,—became morally the bulwark of religious and civil liberty, and decidedly the most Protestant country in Christendom.

Such are the inexplicable mysteries of Providence. And yet in viewing this subject, we should not lose sight of the boundary line, which both France and England embraced as nations the religion of their respective monarch, each being the influence which, in that age, God permitted to Princes: and such being the feebleness of the action of truth upon weak and uneducated minds. We need not proceed to ask why these evils were permitted, or wonder at the immediate which indicated a whole nation to bend their religious opinions to the mind of one man. We are stopped in our inquiry at the out, set by a still more insuperable fact. Why did not God move the hearts and minds of the Kings of France? or why did he change the opinions of the English Prince? These are inquiries which cannot be solved; no flight of human science can through, or set at, the secret which explain the higher laws of Providence. They are but the revelation of a law above our comprehension—namely, the divine sovereignty. We are to have independent of the will of man.

In tracing the spread of Christianity among the nations of Europe, we must carefully distinguish its movements as directly resulted from the will of Princes, and as they proceeded from the power of truth on the consciences of mankind. If we look at Protestantism objectively in itself, and as the sport of Kings and battles, it loses much of its grandeur. It becomes mechanical only, like the building of a house, or the drilling of a campaign. But such it was not, and as it was when it founder in the Roman Catholic world torn upon us and say that Protestantism is the result of patronage only, and that it is a mere fashion. It is true that in each place Protestantism on that ground: I would put it on a higher ground—as the result of truth operating on the minds of the people, so that it became their work; and in which light it assumes the subjective aspects of Christianity. It was the work of Princes, their interference, true to part in the great work of reformation, except so far as we see how the wisdom of God is using our Prince to give, and the other to withhold his royal sanctuary in its favor. I would not presumptuously attempt to explain Providence, but it may be readily supposed that the French, with their liberal and quick intelligence, were defective in those weaker virtues, which only are a good material for truth to work upon; and that the English, notwithstanding their rudeness, had still that healthiness of moral sentiment and simplicity of feeling which would make them more capable of appreciating and retaining the fundamental principles of a new doctrine. They be, too, that the early resistance to Protestantism in France was ordered for the most salutary purposes. But when Francis the First and Second, Henry the Second, and Third, and Charles the Ninth, consentenced Protestantism, it would no doubt have succeeded in France: but the volatile and unsettled character of the French nation might have produced in the end a Protestantism which would have become the shame of Christendom, or a miraculous influence have degraded that into a worse forms of Romanism. It infidelity was to be the future of France, it would there equally well under a Protestant as under a Catholic reign. It is the curse of human infidelity, existing equally in noble and in vulgar life. It was the dark sin of the Jews in the wilderness when they bowed down to golden calves, and when they pierced the veils of their Holy of Holies. Infidelity is the stain and the infirmity of man, and when it must exist to any great extent, I, for one, would prefer it to be rather the disgrace of Romanism than the reproach of Protestantism. Let Archbishop Hughes glory triumphantly to the divisions and dissensions among the sects of Protestantism. I admit and regret his ungenerous. But how will he defend the rampant and damning infidelity in the Roman Church? not only in France, but in Italy and throughout the Roman world. When the Papal system shall have been sold and dead in the minds of men, it is a matter of little moment whether they profess the Catholic or the Protestant faith, or indeed whether they belong to any church at all.

In surveying the great contest of the Huguenots in France, in the light of true heroism, it is invested with profound interest, since we see in the struggle the genius, enthusiasm of the most exalted virtue, and exhibitions of the most refined taste,—all those qualities which excite a noble admiration of the truths which draw the existence of Christianity in the soul of man. In such a contest Providence never awakens a man of France, and never have there been greater displays of magnanimity, forbearance, courage and perseverance and faith in a sad office to record that struggle: for that courage, and heroic sense, and perseverance finally in religion and liberty, were accompanied by the most awful passions, and since their interests animated the breasts of the friends of the Roman cause to the most bloody opposition. The Huguenotic contest may, therefore, be viewed in two lights; first, that in which it actually were there more glorious witnesses of the truth, or nobler displays of intellectual power, and in this in France, during its progress. And second, that it was not the will of the Almighty to change the minds of Princes to endorse the success. In no country of Europe was the material for Reformation among the people more widespread.

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The rise of the new religion in France was more sudden than it had been in Germany, although the same influences had been operating and the same causes had been adopted; the same evils existed in the one country and the same disgust was manifested for them when openly assailed: the same love of truth led to the same converts, and those converts, when they were manifested, did not conceal their opinions. In 1512, Lefevre, a professor in the University of Paris, published his translation of the Bible into French. Although he was then too young and too inexperienced to fight battles of doctrine, or to exercise the intellectual skill of a Luther at Wittenberg, Francis the First was at that time on the throne, a lover of learning, and the friend of Erasmus and of Reuchlin, and a man fond of display, of gorgeous palaces and powerful armies, but not one the Worms of Germany, who enforces opposition to a blind authority in political as well as in religious matters. He was too weak and too lazy his pleasures resulted in any new movement of which he was not the author, in spite of his love of learning and talent. He was no exception, in opinion, to all the great men of his age in both parties, who were ready to encourage learning, but who in all cases extinguished by the chief power. In accordance with chapter, a dreadful persecution of Lefevre commenced: many were burned, and numbers were banished or fenced the country. War was declared against the doctrines of the ancient Waldenses. Villages and towns were sacked, churches were burned, and women and children were massacred in indiscriminate death. Such persecution was attended with its usual effects: it did not put out the light, but so general as to annihilate the sufferers. It only served to open the eyes of men still wider to the absurdities of the system which disgraced it. The Church was restored to light, and men took a new view of the doctrines which it inculcated. The few who had already felt the force of truth were confirmed in their faith: and a contemporary writer declares that they were ashing to be martyrs, to undergo tortures, to hazard the loss of property and of reputation, and of every thing that was dear to them, in order to bear their testimony for the sake of the blessed Master. But their zeal was not without knowledge. They had received that the Gospel was really spreading, and that the new opinions were gaining ground, not only among the philosophers and men of letters, but among the people, who, in spite of attacks, would flock to caves and forests, and secret places, to celebrate their religious ordinances, and in this manner the Gospel was preached. Persecution was attended with its usual effects: it did not put out the light, but so general as to annihilate the sufferers. It only served to open the eyes of men still wider to the absurdities of the system which disgraced it. 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At last, in 1523, the Parliament and powerful ashes 8th equal disgust, and exerted themselves to excite their countrymen against the new creed, and they successful in raising such a storm of savage fanaticism that all persecution was overcome. Such, at length, was the dereliction of human life, the tortures and inquisitions which were inflicted on the heretics, the old princes and the ferocity of the people, that no asylum could be found in France, unless procured by conditions as to moral warfare among the powerful nobles. At first, they were willing to die as martyrs to their opinions and consciences, as Christ had set them the example; but gradually when they perceived that their martyrdom did not touch the sympathies of the people, the cruelties that indeed they were only more hated, created and excited a spirit to fight in their turn, in defiance of truths which were dearer to them than life itself. This was the progress of events, and such was the state of things when Francis died. The resolution of the Protestants to resist, was the commencement of a long and a brutal war. It would be impossible to detail the misfortunes and cruelties to which the people were subjected: it may be sufficient to be shed on our subject by a knowledge of them, as of individual martyrs. The persecution was increased under their successor Henry the Reign of Henry the Second, who succeeded his father, Francis, on the throne, in 1547. Fresh edicts were created in addition to those of Francis and the King and his court witnessed the torture and massacre of the Huguenots with the greatest satisfaction. A new element was added to nerve the flame of persecution; confiscation was decreed in order to incite the avarice and rapacity of the monks; and yet, in spite of these dreadful scenes, the cause continued to grow, by the result of popular conviction, and of that spirit of insurrection which no ordinary influence could suppress. The Protestant religion in France assumed its noblest form, established in the popular mind, and more completely than in any other European country at that time. That was the period when Calvin's influence, and in its highest, when the Protestants of the country were most powerful, and when Knox had just commenced his labors in Scotland. Many churches were instituted in Paris, although the members were obliged to meet in secret. Many distinguished and powerful Protestant nobles entered the ranks of the Protestants, and the Reformed were distinguished for the exercise of high moral and intellectual qualities. Many very influential and distinguished individuals joined their ranks, in open defiance of the will of the sovereign and of his inhuman consort, Catharine de Medicis. Among these were the King of Navarre and his brothers, the gayest of Valois, sister of Henry; the Seigneur d'Andelot; Jean, the wife of Anthony of Bourbon, the energetic yet conscientious Coligny, enobled mother of Henry the Fourth, and many other persons of rank and of the highest dignity. Admiral of France. These distinguished persons protected the persecuted Protestants, and assembled their late ranks by their example. The King and his nobles, the Pope and his priests, and the University, had only to witness the rapidness the progress of this—as they called it—heresy, and immediately prepared for a more violent persecution than ever. Before this, it was averted for a time, however, by the death of Henry, who was accidentally killed at a tournament in 1559, which received him from the execration which still clings to the name of Catharine de Medicis. Before we proceed to more melancholy form. The King of France was now a weak and feeble boy, Francis the Second, only sixteen years of age, and ruled entirely by his mother Catharine de Medicis.—Her character is well known, and need not be dwelt upon. She was bold, artful, unscrupulous, ambitious, and yet inconsistent,—incapable of sustaining the power which she wished to exercise. She was, indeed, beautiful, bland, elegant, and accomplished; fond of dress and gaieties, and withal, a lover of poetry and literature; could enable and please by her polished manners. But she was also a woman of the most unfeeling nature: she; more vile intrigue or more contemptible objects of desire. She was a woman with no heart; a dissembler, with a smile on her face, and a dagger in her hand; a woman who could be beautiful, so accomplished, and so graceful, as to be compared by the poets of her age to Athena and Venus. This was the girl who presided at the French Court, and controlled—for a time—the mind of the boy-King, the child King. What had the Huguenots to hope from her? Next to her in influence and power, was the great Duke of Guise, uncle of the Queen of Scots, and the head of a family which claims its descent from Charlemagne: he was the greatest General in France, the acknowledged leader of the Catholic party, the most capable and determined enemy that the Reformers had to meet, and never have there been greater displays of magnanimity, forbearance, courage and perseverance and faith in a sad office to record that struggle: for that courage, and heroic sense, and perseverance finally in religion and liberty, were accompanied by the most awful passions, and since their interests animated the breasts of the friends of the Roman cause to the most bloody opposition. The Huguenotic contest may, therefore, be viewed in two lights; first, that in which it actually were there more glorious witnesses of the truth, or nobler displays of intellectual power, and in this in France, during its progress. 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The rise of the new religion in France was from pure and generous motives. But their first plot failed, and the conspirators were punished with all the refinements of cruelty. Yet it was not without its result upon the subsequent history of France. Resistance was now more openly and systematic. The Huguenots were under the religious auspices which led on them to their battles. The Parliament of Paris had already declared that the Huguenots, in their assemblies, had no other object than to overturn the religion established by the Church, and to introduce a new government of which was then too young and too inexperienced to fight battles of doctrine, or to exercise the intellectual skill of a Luther at Wittenberg. Francis the First was at that time on the throne, a lover of learning, and the friend of Erasmus and of Reuchlin, and a man fond of display, of gorgeous palaces and powerful armies, but not one the Worms of Germany, who enforces opposition to a blind authority in political as well as in religious matters. He was too weak and too lazy his pleasures resulted in any new movement of which he was not the author, in spite of his love of learning and talent. He was no exception, in opinion, to all the great men of his age in both parties, who were ready to encourage learning, but who in all cases extinguished by the chief power. In accordance with chapter, a dreadful persecution of Lefevre commenced: many were burned, and numbers were banished or fenced the country. War was declared against the doctrines of the ancient Waldenses. Villages and towns were sacked, churches were burned, and women and children were massacred in indiscriminate death. 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The rise of the new religion in France was

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OR A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 00, if paid in advance.—$2, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We can, therefore, allow Clubs, in the City, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$6 00 Per Annum.
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Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money for a Club, may add to that Club, at any time, at the same rate, provided the Club is not yet complete, and provided that the same time those of the mails he do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them, to those subject to be sent to the newspapers of this city. While in some cases we have been obliged to refuse applications, in many others it was put down at two, three, and four dollars per number. We have by every family in the Union. Now, we know that many families take two, three and four papers; but we are sure that not one family was served by the military authorities of Europe, or by the Police Department of the City of Paris, under a false name; in his possession were found printing presses and all the machinery to reveal, and printed copies of Kossuth's last speeches in England. The Police had recently learned to dash at his residence in Hungary, so incredibly large was the house on fire.

KOSSUTH.

The New York Tribune states that Kossuth will leave for Philadelphia on Monday next. He will be accompanied by Mr. Meszlenyi, who will speak once to the people in the largest hall that can be procured. To prevent riot and confusion, tickets will probably be issued. The records of the sale of which will go to the Hungarian Fund.

As to the Hungarian Loan, a very influential and responsible Committee are said to have been in charge, and to have sold the whole million of dollars by the first of February, the money going into the Kossuth thinks he can delay his departure for Europe.

The Tribune says that a rising will take place before the close of March, in the north of Europe, at the same time—in order to prevent the despots from assisting each other. The Hungarian Loan is not only for Hungary, but for the general cause of European Freedom. The best bonds Kossuth is the acknowledged leader.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.

The recent concerts of this lady have given unbounded satisfaction to the public. We believe we recent the general verdict, when we say that she stands only second to Jenny Lind. Her English songs were greatly admired.

Mr. Benham also has made a decided improvement in accompaniments, and his solos and duets are universally admired.

The next concert will be given on Thursday evening next, when Miss Hayes will sing the "Bird Song" and "Casta Diva," and Mr. Benham will perform a Fantasia on the Violin.

New Publications.

KOSCIUSKO AND THE HUNGARIAN WAR. Comprising the Life of Kosciusko, and the Struggles of Hungary and Germany for Liberty: with notices of the Leading Men and Events connected with the Hungarian Revolution of 1848. By Charles Edwards Lester, author of "Glances and Glimpses." Philadelphia: H. C. Peck & Theo. Bliss. 1851. 12mo. pp. 400.

This is very opportunely brought out at the present time to meet the public interest in Kossuth and the cause of Hungary. The book will contain what everybody just now wishes to be informed upon, and will soon be read by Hungary and biographical sketches of its heroes, portraits are of Kosciusko, Gorgey, Bem, Aulich, Dembinski, Kossuth, &c.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

The January number of "Graham" contains 112 pages. Its embellishments are "The Fet of Ashes," a steel engraving, and "The Fair Penitent," a colored flower engraving, and the Parlor Table Book. The literary contents are "The Opening of a novel called "A Life of Vicissitudes," by G. P. R. James, which is followed by "Recollections of Mexico," by Mrs. Kinzie; E. D. Eliot, "A New Contributor," a Reminiscence of the Conspirator," Richard Coe, H. L. Jones, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Leslie to give "Godey numbers" through Mr. Bedford.

JOSEPH MOSES, of the State Historian. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is a lively picture of life at the California fairies, drawn truthfully, with lights and shadows. It is calculated to do much interesting to those who are going, or have been, or to those who have friends there. It is a book to read, and to cheer, anyone, among others things: "I intend to make this volume a sphere's manual, in which I will endeavor to introduce relating to the various ruling operations."

ELOQUENCE, OR, PRIVATE VOICES TO THE PUBLIC. By Rev. Edward Thompson Taylor, Pastor of the Seamen's Bethel. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

These poems are evidently the production of an intellectual and accomplished woman, and will be read with interest by the friends of the author, and by the friends of the deceased. The day. "A Voice for the Poor," is written with much feeling, and will be read with interest by the present season when poverty is oppressing with suffering.

DEBATE LAND BY DAYLIGHT. A Panorama of Scenes, Characters, and Incidents in the Land of the Free. By Hall, New York. For sale by A. Hart and Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A collection of pretty tales, full of interest, and well calculated to please the fancy of the young. Some have been to appeared in the magazines. The book is introduced to the public by a preface from the pen of Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Two engravings embellish the book.

ALTO AND CONTRALTO. A Romance. By C. F. Briggs, author of "The Trippings of Tom Pepper," "The Haunted Chest," "Harry Franco," "The Adventures of Harry Franco," &c. &c. New York: Dix & Edwards. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, and A. Hart.

This has the look of being more romantic than anything we have seen for a long time. Novels, so that his admirers may depend upon a rich treat in the perusal of this work.

KOSSUTH: HIS LIFE AND STRUGGLES. New York: Stringer & Townsend. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

This also is a highly interesting pamphlet. It contains, besides the life of the hero, the Declaration of Hungarian Independence, and Kossuth's Address to the people of the United States; all of which will be read with interest, and the letter of Daniel Webster to Chevalier Hulsemann.

THE MILLER, MASON, OR, EDITH the Important. By Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. New York: H. Long & Brother. For sale by T. B. Peterson.

A novel in pleasa young ladies, as it treats of a subject universally interesting to the young, and is calculated to form the height of character, and some truth of sentiment.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE.—The embellishments for January are "Lodie," and a number of other illustrations, and the literary contents are Henry B. Hirst, R. H. Stoddard, Dr. William Elder, Alice Carey, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Leslie, Miss Alice Carey, W. H. Furness, D. D., and others.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The embellishments of this magazine for January are a picture rower, a colored fashion plate, and other illustrations. The literary contents are by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. Osgood, Emily Hermans, Caroline Thomas, Mrs. Hastings Weld, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, W. Gilmore Simms, H. B. Herbert, &c.

A LEGEND OF THE WILDERNESS, and Other Tales. By Mary T. Wheeler. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a collection of tales which first appeared in one of the Magazines, and which must have met with considerable favor from the public, as this is the third edition in book form. It is understood to be Mr. H. W. Herbert.

ELLIOTT'S OF COMMUTER. Narrated for the Young Ladies and Gents. By Timothy Titcomb. New York: Dix & Edwards. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is a collection of eight entertaining tales for children, with four pretty colored plates.

LOVE AND THE HARES.—On Saturday last, a Boston eccentric entered one of the stores in Cornhill and deliberately tearing a check from its long pig-place, filled it up with some memorandums of new notes, and presented it with a grand flourish to the teller. Upon being told there was not half enough to cover the amount, he coolly remarked the bill was a small one, and the order of both Cornhill and Washington streets, when the enfeebled speedy death.

Clippings.

"The commerce of the deep are not as precious As are the commerce of the heart; For pearls Locked up in ocean's bed, Found the old Are not as rich as thoughts that lie Locked up in human breasts."

The Marine Insurance Company of Boston has declared a dividend of 8 per cent.

Of the 85,000 emigrants who left the United Kingdom last year, 69,000 came to the United States, and the rest to the Colonies.

It is said that during the last twenty years, the Honorable Abbott Lawrence, and his brother Amos, have given away over a million of dollars.

Samuel W. Cole, Esq., for many years known as the editor of the "New England Farmer," and the author of several valuable agricultural works, died at Boston, on Wednesday week.

We have received a cake of a substitute milk for sale by Abbott, 79 Ruthin Slipe. We cannot say it tastes like milk more mothers, but certainly it is the nearest approach we have seen, and will keep, on long voyages, &c.—*Home Journal.*

The copyright of the Waverley Novels having expired, a complete set may now be purchased in England for rather less than two dollars. In Scott's brilliant day each Post Master in the United States serves for four years, and that for every vacancy there are five applicants. Of course, all these applications will be considered and decided upon.

The women of one of the provinces of Anatolia, through which Bagrad Taylor passed, have the custom of tying a bell to the heels of their children, that by the sound they may be easily found. A Yankee has enough to assist his brother, if he should be in need, but he will not publish the fact until he is dead.

Among other items now in Rome, is the celebrated Silvia Pellico, who is travelling with great simplicity, in one vetturini carriage. It is believe we recent the general verdict, when we say that she stands only second to Jenny Lind. Her English songs were greatly admired.

Mr. Benham also has made a decided improvement in accompaniments, and his solos and duets are universally admired.

The next concert will be given on Thursday evening next, when Miss Hayes will sing the "Bird Song" and "Casta Diva," and Mr. Benham will perform a Fantasia on the Violin.

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POLITICAL NEWS.

ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.—A correspondent of the Baltimore American, states that there is a formidable movement now afloat for annexing the Sandwich Islands to this Republic, and that Governor Orvis, of California, is deeply concerned in it.

A measly pauper says—$2 is a man's property and what I bought to the Presidency, the Governorship, or a seat in the halls of legislation, or to honor the stewards' stuggle for it is not yet.

CONGRESS, RECESS.—Since the return of Col. Benton to Missouri, the war between the Benton and Anti-Benton men has been very bitter. The Democratic party in that State has broken out with renewed fury and bitterness. The Anti-Benton men have begun to call the Resolutions, has proclaimed that there can be no union between the two parties, and published with commendation the proceedings of a meeting at which Col. Benton was nominated for Congress, and a preference expressed for Gen. Wm. O. Butler for Gov., Lieut. Governor, Dodge of Wisconsin, for Vice President.

NEW ORLEANS.—Thompson (Whig) has been elected Senator from Kentucky; and Hardin, Democrat, for Governor. Hardin is the "New England Farmer," and the author of several valuable agricultural works, died at Boston, on Wednesday week.

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General News.

DISTRICT ATTORNEYSHIPS IN THE ARMY.—A Philadelphia soldier, named Gay, having deserted from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and enlisted again, tried in Court-Martial, and dismissed the service, with a forfeiture of all pay and allowance due to him. Application was made to the President to remit the sentence, but he declined to do so, and Gay was sent to the Penitentiary, where he has been appointed U. S. Senator from Mississippi. The Legislature meets to elect a Senator for the full term, and one to fill the unexpired term of Hon. Jefferson Davis. The Union majority in the Legislature is ten on joint ballot.

CASE OF MR. THRASHER.—A very large, emphatic and indignant meeting was held in Boston on Saturday evening, to protest against the removal of Mr. Thrasher. Mr. Thrasher was allowed to go out of prison on a claim, pronounced by the court to be valid, and was then arrested on another charge, and kept in close confinement.

THE NEW YORK CATASTROPHE.—Many instances of heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of the firemen are related. One of the last who was on the staircase after the ballustrade had given, feeling herself fiercely pressed toward the edge of the burning mass, seized a child from one of a younger girl next to her, who having more presence of mind than the others, was bound with great clemency on board the ship

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851.

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Fronting Carpenter.

Those Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

Our present design is to commence Mrs. Lee Hentz's original novelet of

ROLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE.

about the commencement of the new year. If Mrs. Southworth's story be not concluded, we shall probably publish them together in literary companionship, for several weeks. It seems almost a necessity to commence a new story about the commencement of the year.

When Mrs. Lee Hentz's story is concluded, we design laying before our readers

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. E. D. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through with, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we feel yet determined. We think even the four novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works in fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—original and selected—from which the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE, in the News, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and richness of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly assistance shown us in the past year, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post, which we are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon—? We repeat, great, take out together, is a second-hand, and bad-price, from some daily-paper in search of matter to fill up with—or, unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental name, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, and Mr. Bennett, &c., &c., lest we are thankful we are not compelled to groan such a satirical couplet. We hope it to pay liberally, and in a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

A WONDERFUL SPEECH.

The speech delivered by Kossuth at the Municipal Dinner in New York, was a most wonderful effort. It was not declamation, but was a compactly linked chain of reasoning; but that chain was glowing from the fire of the most vivid and incalculable intellect. We do not believe that, considered simply as an effort of oratory, it has ever been surpassed in modern times. And when we remember that Kossuth is a speaker of the difficult accent, and wielded by his speech with the political history of the United States, the opinions of Washington, &c., makes it a truly wonderful effort.

We have read the speech carefully, and speak our own conviction when we declare, that the array and weight of the arguments are all in favor of the doctrine of Intervention to enforce Non-intervention, one much—at least—as the great mass of the American people. We acknowledge that they have astonished us—even though they have not succeeded in shaking our adherence to the old American policy upon this subject.

The wonderful force of Kossuth's reasoning may be judged from the fact, that of the 200 persons present at the dinner—among them the cleverest, leading politicians—all, with exception to one—a avowed their concurrence with the sentiments of the great Magyar, the Mayor of New York leading the way. Hedge step of our readers gave utterance to the opinion that they were "foolish," "carried away by a whirlwind of eloquence," &c., let them simply read the speech in question.

We regret that we cannot publish this great speech in full, on account of its length—it occupying two and a half hours in the delivery—. But we shall endeavor to give the most important passages of it—as nearly as possible—in full condensed as much as it would bear from the lips of the orator.

Let me suppose, gentlemen, that yonder decision of an antecedent war really happened to you by your own fault, and that you had to fight it out, and that you had to use every extraordinary exertion to make head against the enemy—I am very unclear's Keeper [?]—which supposition would be of course a sacrilege. But, gentlemen, And I believe that, even under such supposition, I may be excused in such—in the down right of my child, old countenance to the full grown man—as to say to you, that I am sure that you will not have to take to the night's cradle and to sing him to sleep by a lullaby.

In those times of the Revolution of the United States you were an infant people, and the large dress of your then comparatively noble got me to—I mean to say your gentle babe. In those times, too full of cruel, as we were told, do, but to grow up to manhood and strength.

And now you are so far grown that there is sufficient power on earth from which you have reason to fear for your own existence—for your own—as you say—liberty. You have proved yourself to be into the second station of political existence, the divination of which is not to be found in any natural exclusively, but to exist as a member of the great family of nations. And you have proved yourself to be such one that the family toward every one of you, and to every one of the great nations composing which they stand in the first rank of power.

Then your united Republic, composed of thirteen States, was considered to be the hostage of the New-New your great Republic appeals to the fair and Mexico, the Old World, and the New World. Your right hand reaches Europe over the waters of the Atlantic, and your left hand reaches over the Rock of Asia, and there, in the midst of your two continents, turns your mind, in proud immensity, a world homeward!

Then you were a small people of three and a half millions. Now, you are a mighty people of twenty-four millions. And more than seventeen millions out of these twenty-four millions are born upon the soil which you have to call your own. Then you were poor, gentlemen, and all you had to oppose to the enemy was your breasts and your arms. Now, you are rich, gentlemen, and all you have against the assaulting enemy is the gold which you have in the assaulting enemy is the gold which you have in the safe-keeping of your banks, and the iron which you have in the form of rail-roads. Then you were free from gun ground in Europe, I willful—not made—of Republican America, because communal republics of Republican America, because communal republics of Republican America, because communal republics

Selected Poetry.

BELLE VS. BEAU.

In system at the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia, U. S., by Mr. Buck, the fashionable belle intent from him is no passive style. He says:—

"She lies shed in the morning
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down a-sipping and musing
Because she was called so soon;
She hate is still in the paper,
She shrieks still dabbled with paint,
Remains of last last night's blisters,
Telling she intended to faint.

"She deals upon men moderate,
And men with 'the flowing hair.'
She's eloquent over nonsense,
They give such a foreign air.
She talks of Italian movers,
And falls in love with the mouth,
And though her a mere should sweat her,
She sighs away in a swoon.

"Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her robe is of satin trailing,
Though this she never will own,
Her body's made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is tissue wholly of stone.

"She falls in love with a fellow
Who revels with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries he for her hair;
One of the very best exercises—
Both over valued in life.
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for his wife."

Pictures of Life.

TERRIBLE BATTLES WITH WOLVES.

FROM HENRI DE CROISILLES'S LE MORVAN.

For the purpose of entrapping his nocturnal visitors, a farmer placed the dead body of a horse in a field of his own; and, having set the wing fastened weights to its neck and legs, to prevent the wolves from dragging it away, he left the animal for the night. He then secured with cords and pulleys, that it could be closed at any required moment. Night came on; the house was shut up, the candles were carefully put out, the stables barricaded, the dogs brought in, and every watchful precaution taken from barking, and in the bright starlight, on some clear straw, the better to attract attention, lay the dead body of the ass, as we have said, with eyes being open. All was ready, all within on the watch, when suddenly the howl of the wolves was heard in the distance; they approached, smelt, looked, listened, grumbled, and distrusting the ominous quiet, paused: not one would stir. They found was the silence and excitement in the house. Hunger at last overcame prudence and caution; the large cries were renewed, and they became more and more impatient and exasperated. It was impossible to resist a pause of young horseflesh! The most forward, probably the capitals of the land, could hold out no longer, and Jean or Jacques Billeux he was was the to be their leader, he advanced alone, passed the fatal barrier, and fell to the cult, tore away a large piece of his chest, and, proud of his achievement, set off at full speed with his booty between his jaws. The other wolves, seeing that his escape in safety, regained their confidence, and one, two, three, six, eight wolves were soon gathered round the animal, but though neither as fast as they could, they remained, with ears erect, and each eye still on the guard. Eight wolves! The farmer thought it a respectable number, and whistled, when the door men at the fingers heard, the large building was suddenly filled to, and closed in the stillness with the noise of thunder of the wolves were prisoners. Startled and terrified at finding themselves caught, they at once deserted the small remains of the colt, crowding about in all directions, in search of some outlet by which they might escape, or some hole to hide in, while the farmer, being secured there, sent his household to bed, putting off their destruction till sunrise.

The morning dawned, and with the first ray of light, master and man, for whom the event was a perfect fete, set some ladders against the walls of the court from them, as well as from the windows, fired volleys on the entrapped wolves. A ladder to resist, the animals at some time hurried hither and thither, crouching in every nook and corner of the yard; but the wounds from the balls of which touched them behind the scenes, or under the carts, soon turned them into true rage. They began to make alarming leaps, and the most determined, after having exhausted themselves in vain attempts to escape, remained quiet to rest; and the rapidity and perseverance with which they continued to gallop around, or leap from side to side of the yard, as if in a cage, essentially baffled the endeavors of their enemies. After this it was decided to kill the wolves, when an unlooked-for misfortune threw a dreadful gloom over the whole scene. The ladder used by one of the party being too short, the young man placed himself on the wall, as he imagined, quite clear it, but alighted, consequently the animal attempted to climb up to the summit of the enclosure, suddenly bounded at the young man, and, before he could resist with his sharp teeth the foot of the unfortunate lad. Terrified at this, he raised his head to avoid the brute, lost his balance, and the same moment fell, with a heart-rending scream, into the court below. Each and all were struck terrified like lightning on their helpless, hopeless victim, and a cry of horror was heard on every side.

The storm of leaden hail ceased; no man dared fire a gun, and yet something must be done, for the monsters were devouring their unhappy fellow-servant. Listening only to the dictates of humanity, the noble-hearted farmer, gun in hand, leaped at once into the yard, and his men all followed in his kind attempt at deception. He put on a bold face, and, with a fearful and frightful conflict ensued. The scene which then took place, defies every attempt at description. He pen could describe, or pencil place before the reader the awful incidents that succeeded. The sound, if he can, imagine the howling of the wolves, the piteous cries of the lacerated and dying youth, the imprecations of the men, the shouts of the horses and cows, the lowing of the bulls in the stables; and note that all, the cries and lamentations of the women and children in the house, a fearful chorus, such as happily few, very few persons were ever doomed to hear. At last the farmer's wife, powerful and resolute woman, with great presence of mind, unmoored the dogs, and threw them into the midst of the fatal yard. This new mortal reinforcement, with their vigorous attacks and loud barking, completed the horror and the tragedy. In twenty minutes the eight wolves were dead, and with them half the faithful dogs. The poor man's son died, his throat torn open, was dead; his companions though unconscious of danger, had more or less wounded, and the gallant farmer's left hand so injured, that, as soon as surgical assistance could be procured for him, amputation was found to be necessary.

The monsters, stretched side by side in the yard, were a shocking sight to see; they had not lost a voice on the farm raised the heart-it-ring shout of victory. Consternation and gloom reigned over it, and it was long indeed ere the voice of mourning deserted its sighs.

Well hunting with traps had its dangers and its inconveniences, and the *Tragedienne* must be used with caution. Every morning it should be visited and tried; otherwise, a man, a horse, a dog, or some other animal may fall into it and be taken. In order, therefore, as much as possible to prevent accidents, the peasants, especially shepherds, when using this kind of trap, always tie stones, or little pieces of dead wood, to the leather and branches of the tree to which they hook it to set; they likewise place the same kind of signal at the extremity of the pathway or hole in the trap, as a warning to those who may walk that way; and the peasants, who know what those signals denoting in the air with one hand, or with a stick in the hand, and take very good care how they proceed on their route. In spite of all these precautions, however, very sad occurrences will sometimes happen in our forests. Some years ago a trap was placed in a certain forest, and the usual precautions were taken of hanging stones and bits of wood to the branches of the path at either end. The same day a young man of the neighborhood, full of love and inexperience, upon the trap, in fact, not being accustomed to the use of legal "I will," awakens to present to his *fiancee* some tender down and pigeons with rosy beaks, with whom afterwards he was engaged, left his home a little before sunset to surprise the bride on their nest; but he was late, the night closed in rapidly, and with the intention of shortening the road, instead of following the beaten one, he took his way across the forest. Tired out by the long heading the boundless and lonely wood, he fell into the trap, and found himself in the midst of the fatal snare. He screamed and sang out for help, but no one heard him; and after a continued and sanguinary battle with the thorns, the stumps, the roots, and the long cold roots, came exactly on the path when the trap was set. The night was now nearly dark, and in his agitation and hurry, finding only willow leaves and dead leaves, he hailed to thereby that several little pieces of string were swinging to and fro in the breeze from the branch of a chicken tree. Dreadful indeed was it for him that he did not; for suddenly he fell a terrible shock, accompanied by most intense pain, the bones of his leg being apparently crushed to pieces—he was caught in the wolf trap!

The first few moments of pain and suffering were overwhelming, and upon the danger of his position, he with great presence of mind collected all the strength he had, and by a determined effort endeavored to open the monstrous jaws by which hold him fast; but though despair is said to double the strength of a man, the trap refused to give up its prey; and as at the least movement the iron teeth buried themselves deeper and deeper with unspeakable pain in the ungrateful nearly on the bone, his sufferings became so intense that in a very few minutes he ceased from making any further attempt to release himself. Feeling this to be the case, he began to shout for help; but no answer came, and the night drew in he was silent, fearing that his cries would attract the notice of some of the wolves that might be prowling in the neighborhood, and recollected to wall patiently and with fortitude what time he should be in a condition to exertion. He had under his coat a little hatchet, a weapon which the Morvinians constantly carry about with them, and then by the use of this he resolved finally to the dreaded animals, he instituted to it a defend himself; but he was still not without hope that the wolves would not make their appearance. The night lengthened; the hours rose, and deked into the light over the forest. Immovable, with eyes and ears on the qui vive, his body in the most dreadful agony, he listened and waited; when, all at once, he felt very far off, a confused murmur of indistinct sounds rise toward. Approaching with rapidity, those nocturnes became cries and yells; they were those of wolves, and not only wolves, but wolves on the trail. Which must, even a few minutes could elapse, be upon him. A pang of horror, and a cold perspiration poured from his face; but fear was not a part of his nature, and by almost superhuman efforts, and in such an awful moment style by pulling at the trap with himself and the trap how safe an oak tree, spiked which he placed his back.

Here, then, the man left hand upon a stout staff he had with him when he fell, and having in his right his hatchet ready to strike, the young man, full of courage, after having offered up a short prayer to his God, and embraced, as he thought, his bride, his poor old mother and his bride, awaited the horrible result, determined to show himself a true child of the forest, and meet his fate like a man. A few minutes more passed; he was as if surrounded by a cordon of yellow glances, which, like so many Will-o'-the-wisps, danced about in all directions, and then fixed on the eyes of the monsters; the animals themselves, however, kept their distance, and with flesh like a turtle fell in his face, and the smell of their horrid carcasses was borne to him on the wind. *Une fourmiere* of the dreadful beasts approached. The wolves had hit upon the scented line of earth, and hollow and hungry and enraged, were bounding here and there, and exciting each other. They had arrived at the baited spot.

* * * *

What passed after this no one can tell; no eye saw but His above; but on the following morning, when Peter Guillaume, the father of the unfortunate person who set the Tragicomedy, came to examine it, he found the trap at the foot of the oak deinged with blood, the bone of a human leg upright between the iron teeth, and all around, scattered about the turf and the path, a quantity of human remains; bits of hair, bones, red and moist, as if the flesh had been but recently torn from them; pieces of a coat, and other articles of clothing, were also discovered near the spot. With the assistance of some dogs that were put upon the scent, three wolves, their heads and bodies cut open with a hatchet, were found lying not far distant, whether the bones of their victim were carried to the nearest chasm. On the following day the remains of the ragmeats, which only a few hours before had been full of life and youth, and beauty, were committed to the earth.

Selected Articles.

AUNT HETTY'S IDEAS OF MATRIMONY.

Now, girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something useful for a change, and stop talking about the feeling of lovers and honey-moons; it makes me sick. Matrimony is a humbug; it is a failure—matrimony is a humbug; husbands are decorative Napoleons, Neros, Alexanders, sighing for more worlds to conquer after they get tired of yours. The honey-moon is as short-lived as a butterfly's kiss; after that, you may wear your wedding-dress at the second table, and get used to cap to meeting, and your husband wouldn't notice it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter; you may be sure he his bookstand as if it was the last meal he should eat this side of Jordan; when he gets through, he will aid your digestion, (while you are sipping your first cup of coffee,) by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday, if the charcoal you had ordered would last for the week, and if you lenghth. Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper, which you have not had a chance to read, and two or three wisffs of smoke, mixe to give you a headache for the afternoon, and you in the meantime is vanishing through the door, apologises for not doing "that errand" for you yesterday because he forgot it; he can look after no errand such business." Hear of him at eleven o'clock, taking an ice-cream with some ladies in Vinton's, while you are at home now living his old cast dresses. Children by the ears all day, don't get tired of it, and when he comes home in a fly in a dream; husband comes home at night, nods a "how d'ye do, Fan," takes Charley's cars, stands little Fanny up in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair, in the most comfortable position, and goes to sleep, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug nose grows blue with the cold; reads the newspapers all to himself, wakes his nose with a hot cup of tea, and just as you are inbearing under the infliction of a curtain lecture, he puts on his dressing-gown and slippers, and begins to broken up finally exposure, which he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till nine o'clock. Next morning goes to leave you "a little money," he looks at you as if to be sure that you are awake